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COMICALITIES OF NATURE.

THERE are some objects in animated creation which irresistibly provoke a smile. It is different with inanimate nature, which is variously beautiful, sublime, tame, desolate, wild, or whatever else, but always respectable. There is nothing frisky in the characters of mountains or precipices, plains, lakes, rivers, or seas—unless, indeed, we are to make an exception for some little burns in our own northern land, which the imagination may very readily suppose to be of a tricky, gambolome humour, seeing with what deft antics they tumble and trip along their pebbly way, as if to amuse the gowans that ogle them as they pass, from the fairy-befooted a ward. But, upon the whole, inorganic creation is not at all funny. Animated nature, on the contrary, presents to us an immense deal that we cannot help feeling to be so.

To begin with the next creatures below ourselves—there are the monkeys, whose whole appearance and movements are grotesque. Who could ever look in the face of one of these animals without that same stirring of the risible faculties which we experience in perusing a caricature or parody, or witnessing a pantomime! The wretch never laughs itself, but its every gesture is provocative of mirth in us. See it taking care of one of its young, or allaying some temporary irritability in one of its sides, or inspecting any suspicious-looking morsel which may have been given to it, and the perfect whimsicality of the creature must be acknowledged. So thoroughly is this the case, that no one could ever speak of a monkey gravely: the name is never mentioned without a smile or a laugh. The appearance of the sloth is ludicrous, but in a different way. "There," remarks Cuvier, "nature seems to have amused herself with producing something imperfect and grotesque." The mirth excited by this animal is of the derisive kind. We smile to see a miserable-looking creature crawling so abjectly, unable to use its fore-legs for support, and only able to move when it can get something to lay hold of, whereby to pull itself along. The sloth may be, as later naturalists allege, fully accomplished for all the ends of its being; yet it is not less true that, constituted as we are, we cannot help smiling at an object which strikes our minds as so uncouth.

So, also, the peculiar feature of the marsupial tribes is no doubt appropriate to the circumstances in which they live. Yet is it in the power of any human being to think of that feature with the same feelings as those with which, for instance, he would regard the gracile limb of the antelope, or the shaggy mane of the lion! To think of a creature having a pouch in which to carry her young family, and from which they may occasionally be seen peeping like so many juvenile bipeds from a huckster's panniers, is surely a most whimsical idea. Think of what a monstrous crime pocket-picking must appear to a female kangaroo with a charge of children. Australia presents another good living joke in her celebrated ornithorhynchus, where we see a creature like a rat, but a good deal larger, furnished with a duck's bill and web-feet—an association exactly of the same character with those which human conceit has occasionally formed for emblematical devices, or in the way of buffoonery.

Amongst the feathered tribes there are also numerous traces of comicality. The choler of the turkey-cock never fails to excite mirth. Domesticated ravens come to enter into the humours of the families they live with, and sometimes prove amazingly funny. The whole race of parrots is amusing. Not altogether mechanical is that power they have of repeating droll

expressions, under the instruction of human masters and mistresses. By timing their jokes, they often show that they enjoy them. This tribe, as well as the monkeys and mocking-birds, are unquestionably possessed of that same power of imitation which men employ to the excitement of mirth in mimicry and comic theatricals. The mocking-bird is the very Monsieur Alexandre of American ornithology. It can simulate the cry of almost all birds, and the name we give it expresses the purposes for which it employs the gift. One of its favourite waggeries, as is well known, is to gather other birds near it by imitating their cries, and then to disperse them, like a set of schoolboys at the approach of the master, by uttering the cry of the bird of which they stand most in fear.

There are many whimsical things in the vegetable world, though the British Flora is perhaps a more serious goddess than some of her foreign sisters. If we go abroad, we shall find many quaint things in this department of nature. The *broussonetia papyrifera* of Japan and India, from which the article called India paper is made, has leaves all different in form, and each of which seems as if it had had a piece rent out of it, and as if it had been afterwards sewed up again to repair the damage. Here there is as complete an appearance of a familiar human action being imitated in nature, as there is in the junction of the duck's bill to the water-rat's body in the ornithorhynchus. There is exactly that disarrangement of the fibres of the leaf, and that appearance of puckering at the seam, which would be seen in a piece of checkered cloth, worn by a mendicant, which, having had a narrow section taken out of it, had been hastily *based* together without any regard to the joining of the chequers or to smoothness of surface. The well-known fly-trap strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaf stands temptingly open; a poor fly pops in for shelter or food; no sooner has it set its foot on the bottom, than some sensitive fibres are affected, and the cilia at the top close in upon the intruder, empounding him as effectually as if a boy had taken him and closed him up in a box. The doings of a human economy are also curiously coincident with those of the pitcher-plant of the east. To the footstalk of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a *pitcher*, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or *hoop*, and covered with a *lid* neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of *hinge* or strong fibre, which, passing over the *handle*, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery, or dews fall, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction is probably occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water having gradually absorbed through the handle in the footstalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.*

There are some plants, the flowers of which bear

curious, if not ludicrous, resemblances to other objects. The natural order *Orchidaceæ* are remarkable for this property. The flower of the *Oncidium papilio* presents an extraordinary resemblance to a tortoise-shell butterfly, as that of the *Phalanopsis anabilis* does to a white one. *Peristeria pendula* looks like a dove crouching in its nest, and *Coryanthes micrantha* resembles a skeleton's head, with the vertebrae of the neck, finished off with a pair of bat's wings! The flower of the *bee orchis* is like a piece of honeycomb, and, strange to say, the bees delight in it. Then there is the *snap-dragon*, the corolla of which is cleft and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. If, in like manner, the two petals or nectaries of another well-known plant are pinched, they peep from under the coloured calyx, like two great eyes looking out under the cowl of a monk—hence its name of monk's-hood. The flower of the cock's-comb and seed-pod of the *Mostynia proboscidea* bear equally curious resemblances to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of *Medicago* have also curious seed-pods, some being like bee-hives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the last being itself an essentially ludicrous natural object.

A certain grotesqueness of form belongs to the whole order of *Cactaceæ*. The *Cactus senilis* would arrest the most unobservant eye in an exhibition of plants, by the ludicrous peculiarity from which it derives its name. Being simply a kind of stump, covered with long white streaming hair, it exactly resembles the head of an old man! In its native country, this cactus puts on considerably different, but not less ludicrous, appearances. It there grows to the height of ten or twelve, sometimes even to twenty or thirty, feet, and when it approaches a flowering state, a circlet of short brown fur appears round the summit, which gradually increases till it takes the very form and appearance of a lady's fur muff! Mr Lambert, the President of the Linnæan Society, has preserved in glass-cases, in his drawing-room, two specimens taken from full plants; and a person who has seen them reports to us, that one in particular, about eighteen inches high, precisely looks like an old sable muff. The flowers of the *cactus senilis* are crimson, and are produced in a ring. The reader may therefore judge what a curious figure our old gentleman plant cuts in his native woods, with his body all covered with long white hair, surmounted by a black muff, and above all a wreath of crimson flowers.

Our minds naturally recognise the tall straight stems of the beech and elm as elegant objects. The trunk of the oak is thick, but it conveys the idea of manly robustness and vigour. Most flowering plants in this country have elegant stalks, to which the flower parts are in general neatly and fittingly joined. We never think of smiling mirthfully at any of these objects, but, on the contrary, are disposed to regard them with a musing and serious admiration. How different are these cactuses, with their incomprehensible lumpy angular stems, masses of green vegetable matter, decorated quaintly along the edges with prickles, while here and there a flower sticks out, looking as oddly placed as would a man's head if it projected from his side or stuck upon his knee. It is the *Cactus speciosissimus* which is so particularly liable to this description. To the dark crimson flowers which ornament its stem, succeeds the fruit, a thing which one would at first suppose to be an egg, till tasting it he would imagine it a gooseberry! In their native

* This description of the pitcher-plant is from Barrow's *Cochin China*.

* There is a figure of this flower in the *Botanical Register*, vol. xxii., but it gives no idea of the horrible grotesque of the living plant.

country, they rise thirty or forty feet high, without a single branch or a single leaf, and it is generally upon the tops of mountains that they grow. Paping, a German botanical traveller in Brazil, says that, in that country, a hill top bristling with the *cactus speciosissimus*, resembles nothing so much as a hog's back!

Then we have the creeping cactus (*cereus flagelliformis*), which looks like a number of cats' tails tied together, and hung over a flower-pot, with a few crimson flowers stuck into them irregularly. The spines with which these hanging stems are completely covered are what give them the cats' tail appearance: they have no leaves, but the tails are sometimes forked. The leaf cactus (*Epiphyllum phyllanthoides*) is of totally different but equally quaint form, the stems appearing to consist of a series of leaves stuck into each other, and having notches in the sides from which spring the flowers. The porcupine cactus (*echinocactus*) has a round ball-like stem, often with projecting angles like a lady's reticule, covered with hard sharp spines. The flowers of this genus appear thrown carelessly on the stem, and not to belong to it. We might expatiate upon the eccentricities of this order of plants for half a day, but shall content ourselves with adverting to that crowning conceit manifested by one of the family, of blowing in the middle of the night—emblem apt and true of a certain class of whimsical mortals.

Every one has heard of *luna natura*—sports of nature—things which she was supposed to produce in the way of freak, and as exceptions from her ordinary laws. Fossil shells, for example, were considered as *luna natura*, no one being able to understand how, if they had been originally real shells of marine molluscs, they could ever have got into those deep-seated rocks where they were found embedded. It is now believed that there are no such things as *luna natura*, every one of her organic creations being formed after a distinct type, and designed for a particular purpose in creation, just as there is no character used in a printed book but what there is a type for in the compositor's case, and is liable to appear accordingly in other printed books of the same language. The true sports of nature are to be seen in the many grotesque forms of her legitimate and recognised children, animals and plants, and in the whimsical powers and properties which she has assigned to many of at least the former class. With regard to grotesque forms in plants and animals, it may be said that these things are perhaps not absolutely grotesque, and that it is only in consequence of some law of our minds that we think them so. This, we conceive, may be the case without in the least detracting from the force of what has been said; for how can we judge of any thing but by virtue of and in accordance with the habits of our minds? Undoubtedly, if the cheek of the fair young maiden affects us with the sense of beauty, as truly does the figure of the Barbary ape affect us with the sense of comicality. So, also, of the powers and properties of many animals. The chatter of the parrot, the strut and crow of the cock, the wretched bray of the ass, the capers of the young goat, and the pranks of the kitten, all affect us with the same risibility as the humour of a Mathews or the wit of a Sheridan. To come finally to man, he has been endowed with both the power of creating mirth and the power of enjoying it. He has a faculty of the ludicrous in his mental organisation, and muscles in the face whereby to express the sensation in its well-known form of laughter. Some are born with such a predominance of the ludicrous in their nature, and such wonderful powers of awakening risibility in their fellow-creatures, as to seem to have been mainly designed, as far as the worldly utility of their existence is concerned, for this purpose. This is a class of men particularly apt at perceiving the comicalities of the lower animal and vegetable worlds. While others see only what is painful and melancholy in the scene around them, they are conscious only of what is merry and ridiculous, and spend the part of their lives that is devoted to common sensation in a constant flow of self-generated humour.

We would fain, from all that has been said, establish the importance of the comical in the mundane economy. It seems to us that it cannot be necessarily a reprehensible frivolity—to however absurd purposes it may be occasionally perverted—when we see traces of it springing directly from the common Origin of all things. Time and place may be necessary for its proper development amongst assembled human beings, but this is no more than what may be said of all things. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Man, it is true, in his blind zeal for what his higher sentiments dictate, has sometimes acted as if to smile were a sin. He has, strange to say, thought that an invariable gloom and sadness was the proper habit of mind in which to live, as being more agreeable to the Deity. But when we look into the book of nature, we see these ideas completely contradicted. We there find types of being which must have been grotesque and

whimsical in their forms, since long before there was such a thing as the human mind to regard them either in one light or another. We see jocularities and merriments in animals which existed long before man, and to which no moral error can be imputed. Finally, we see man himself organised so thoroughly for mirth, that his very health is liable to be improved by it.* Well, indeed, might Grecian imagination include Thalia amongst the children of Jove.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

ELEVENTH ARTICLE.—SULLY.

HAVING described the early warlike portion of Sully's career, we now take him up as a grave and calculating minister of state. The section of his Memoirs devoted to this part of his history presents a picture of political sagacity remarkable for that age, leaving us scarcely room to wonder that his royal master, though his senior, was often checked, when about to do a foolish thing, by the consideration, "What will Sully say to all this?" He commenced his career as a minister in 1594, in the capacity of secretary of state. Four years after, he was appointed superintendant of finances, having displayed as much ability in that department as he had previously shown military fire and skill in the time of war. Many important negotiations were conducted by him. One is very remarkable, as showing the liberties which Sully took with the king, and the state of feeling existing between the two. The king, his master, had given a rash and unworthy promise of marriage in one of his fits of passion. Sully was in confidence consulted by Henry. On reading the document, he slowly and gravely tore it in pieces. "Are you mad?" cried the infuriated monarch. "Yes," answered Sully, "I am mad, sire, and I wish I were the only madman in France!" Sully's firmness had the result of making Henry enter into a marriage with the person whose alliance in those times was best suited to the exigencies of the state. As regards mutual liking and individual feelings, these are seldom held of consequence in such affairs.

The many important negotiations in which Sully was engaged at home, exclusively of mere financial affairs, had reference chiefly to the maintenance of the Protestant interests, and to the suppression of the petty feudal sovereigns yet existing in France, and possessing sufficient power to brave and embarrass their liege lord. It was through the able management of matters in Henry's days, that this anomalous and perilous state of things was brought to an end, and the real authority lodged in the hands of a single monarch. Besides aiding his master powerfully in such domestic concerns, Sully was employed in many foreign missions and negotiations. As ambassador from Henry, he had a confidential interview with Queen Elizabeth at Dover in 1601; and two years afterwards, he went to London on a mission to her successor, James I. Of the account given of the latter visit, we shall present some incidental sketches.

Sully, whose instructions chiefly related to the conjunction of France and England against the Spanish interests, found at Calais the vice-admirals of France, Holland, and England, all of them anxious for the honour of conveying him across the channel. By way of a compliment, he accepted the seemingly courteous offer of the English, and his going on board led to results which prove that the English sailors of that day were just the English sailors of the present. The French admiral, "De Vic, who only sought an opportunity of showing the English his resentment of the violence committed by their pirates, advancing, bearing the French flag on his main-top-gallant mast, I found these complaisant English were enraged at an offence which, according to them, was equally injurious to the King of England, and the King of France, whom I represented; and I had reason to think them still more rude and impolite, when, without deigning to consult me, fifty shot were immediately fired into De Vic's ship." Sully thought it wise to explain that the flag was raised in honour of Henry's ambassador; and he also deemed it prudent to make a signal for its being lowered, which was done just in time, as appears from another broadside having been prepared by the English, which they fired at "random." Sully and his extensive suite, notwithstanding this untoward opening incident, were received with great honours at Dover, whence they went by land to Gravesend, and, entering a rich royal barge, sailed up the Thames. The Tower gave him a salute of three thousand guns, the finest thing of the kind (he says) that he had ever heard. He had scarcely reached London, and taken up a temporary residence in a house there, when another untoward business occurred, of which he gives an account.

His people went out to houses of entertainment, and "at the same place they met with some English, with whom they quarrelled, fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, who were before prejudiced against us, being excited by the family of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and began loudly to threaten revenge upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair soon began to appear of great consequence, for the number of people assembled upon the occasion was presently

increased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly for an asylum into the house of the ambassador. I at last imagined something extraordinary had happened, and having questioned Terrail and Gadancourt, they informed me of the particulars.

The honour of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked at the beginning by so fatal an accident; and at that moment, I am persuaded, my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I arose, took a flambeau, and ordering all that were in the house (amounting to about a hundred) to range themselves round the walls, hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any difficulty by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth. He was a young man, and the son of the Sieur de Combaut, principal examiner in Chancery, very rich, and a kinsman likewise of Beaumont, who entering at that moment, desired me to give young Combaut into his hands, that he might endeavour to save him. 'I do not wonder,' replied I to Beaumont, 'with an air of authority and indignation, that the English and you are at variance, if you are capable of preferring the interest of yourself and your relations to that of the king and the public; but the service of the king my master, and the safety of so many gentlemen of good families, shall not suffer for such an imprudent stripping as this.' I told Beaumont, in plain terms, that Combaut should be beheaded in a few minutes. 'How, sir,' cried Beaumont, 'behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of two hundred thousand crowns, an only son!—it is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you.' I again replied, in as positive a tone, 'I had no occasion for such company; and, to be short, I desired Beaumont to quit my apartment, for I thought it would be improper to have him present in the council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combaut.'

In this council I made choice only of the oldest and the wisest of my retinue; and the affair being presently determined, I sent Arnaud to inform the mayor of London of it, and to desire him to have his officers ready the next day, to conduct the culprit to the place of execution, and to have the executioner there ready to receive him."

The mayor, however, to whose justice Sully finally delivered the culprit, let him escape at the instance of the relative, and, satisfied with Sully, the people seem to have done nothing further in the matter. Justice, it would seem, had not then come to the state in which Oliver Cromwell placed it, when Don Ponteleon Sa, the very brother of the Portuguese ambassador, was sent to the scaffold by the stern Protector, in spite of all entreaties, individual and national. Sully is induced by what passed on this occasion to give the following picture of our nation—not a very flattering one, but tinged to some extent with truth. "It is certain that the English hate us, and this hatred is so general and inveterate, that one would almost be tempted to number it among their natural dispositions: it is undoubtedly an effect of their arrogance and pride, for no nation in Europe is more haughty and insolent, nor more conceited of its superior excellence. Were they to be believed, understanding and common sense are to be found only among them: they are obstinately wedded to all their own opinions, and despise those of every other nation; and to hear others, or suspect themselves, is what never enters into their thoughts. Their self-love renders them slaves to all their capricious humours. What they at one time believe to have wisely performed, or firmly resolved, is at another time destroyed without their knowing, or being able to give a reason: they are accordingly so undetermined in themselves, that frequently one would not take them for the same persons, and from hence they themselves sometimes appear surprised on perceiving their own continued irresolution. If we examine what are called their maxims of state, we shall discover in them only the laws of pride itself, adopted by arrogance or indolence." Admitting the correctness of the charge of national vanity, we must observe that Sully's national prejudice has prevented him from seeing that it is probably in a great measure to this belief in our superiority that we owe our actual greatness in arms and arts.

Sully's account of accidental particulars connected with his embassy, is much more interesting than his description of his interviews with James I., of whose personal demeanour he says little. Their first meeting, however, must have been striking. Sully, attended by one hundred and twenty selected gentlemen of his large suite, and a party of the royal guards, went to see the king at Greenwich. "His majesty having sent to desire my appearance in his presence, I was above a quarter of an hour before I could get to the foot of his throne, occasioned both by the great numbers that were already there, and because I made all my retinue walk before me. The prince no sooner perceived me than he descended two steps, and would have descended them all, so very desirous he appeared to receive and embrace me, had not one of his ministers, who stood next him, whispered softly in his ear that he ought to go no farther. 'If,' said he aloud, 'I

* Dr Hufeland, of Berlin has expressed his opinion that light merriment is good for digestion.

show this ambassador particular marks of honour, and such as are contrary to custom, I mean not thereby to give a precedent to others. I particularly love and esteem him for the affection which I know he has for me, for his firmness in our religion, and his fidelity to his master." I dare not repeat all that he said to my advantage." At this and other meetings, Sully showed great tact, and was successful in getting James to form a treaty with Henry of the kind desired. On the whole, the ambassador formed rather a low estimate of James, of whom he pronounced on this occasion that he was the most learned fool in Christendom.

To describe his services and connexion with Henry his master, is, as mentioned before, to tell at once Sully's history, and to show his literary abilities. The slavery in which the king was held by his passions, was a great source of vexation to Sully, both on account of his personal love for him, and of the expenses attending such a course of life. One day, when the minister was resisting some improper application, the temporary favourite, D'Entragues, said impudently and haughtily to him, "To whom would you have the king grant favours, if not to his relations, courtiers, and favourites?" "Madam," replied Sully, "you would be in the right if his majesty took the money out of his own purse; but it is reasonable that he should take it out of those of his poor subjects, to gratify such people as you speak of!" Holding such sentiments, it may be conceived that Sully's administration was a continued blessing to his country. He was easy of access, and methodical in all his habits. Though sometimes galled into anger by his remonstrances, Henry raised him to the highest honours of the peerage, and, with his other posts, gave him the governorship of Poitou. Henry's death in 1610 terminated Sully's official career, and he received at its close a gratuity of 100,000 crowns. Occasionally, after this period, he was sent for to the councils of Louis XIII., and at these times he appeared in the antiquated garb of the old court. Some silly young courtiers laughing once at his appearance, "Sire," said the venerable minister to the king, "when your father, of glorious memory, honoured me by a call to his state consultations, he previously sent away the buffoons." The king felt the rebuke, and remained alone with Sully.

Sully died in 1641, at the age of eighty-two. His "Memoirs" and his memory have ever been highly esteemed in France.

SLAVE HUNTS IN EGYPT.

THE recent publication of a work entitled "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," by Dr R. R. Madden, has brought prominently into notice a variety of circumstances connected with the legalized system of slavery in Egypt, as well as the manner in which it is supported by the practice of hunting down and carrying off the unfortunate inhabitants of Nubia and Abyssinia. As little is popularly known on the subject, we propose, with the assistance of facts gleaned from the work of this intrepid and philanthropic writer, to bring it before our readers.

In all the undertakings of Mohammed Ali, with the ostensible view of civilising the nation of which he is the ruler, he appears to be animated by one prevailing sentiment, and that is, the desire to serve his own selfish purposes, and yet deceive the people of Europe, who, he is fully aware, have an eye to his public actions. In accomplishing this object, he has, by the aid of French tacticians, been eminently successful. The trick of his highness is generally well managed; it consists in issuing orders of the most liberal nature respecting any matter of serious complaint, for which he receives a great deal of praise, but which orders, except in particular instances, he takes good care shall never be carried into execution. Two or three years ago, when on an expedition into Eastern Africa, he found it his interest to be very much shocked with the practice of capturing slaves for sale within his dominions, and issued an immediate order that this barbarous trade should be prohibited. So pleasing a circumstance gave much satisfaction in England, and the Anti-Slavery Convention held in London sent an address applauding his generous and humane conduct. Dr Madden was the bearer of this document to his highness; but, greatly to his surprise, he found, on its presentation (August 1840), that the pacha had taken no step whatever to give effect to those orders for which he was now congratulated. The slave hunts and slave sales went on the same as ever.

Our author was much shocked to find the Egyptian despot so much less a man of humanity than English philanthropy had supposed, and he took leave to present to him a very bold address, in which he stated that there were three hundred slaves for sale at that moment in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria; that the number sold in the preceding twelve months was above ten thousand; and that the government not only permitted, but practised, the horrible traffic, the pacha's soldiers being regularly employed in seizing slaves in Nubia, and a tax upon their exportation being one of the resources of his treasury. Mohammed Ali equivocated, and threw the blame upon the law and the sultan; but his issuing licenses to slave-merchants is in itself sufficient to establish his guilt. The particulars which Dr Madden gives of the mutilation of children for certain purposes makes the flesh thrill

with horror; and his description of slave-hunting in Nubia presents a picture of oppression which must stamp this plausible tyrant with everlasting infamy.

The number of persons carried off from the Nubian mountains between 1825 and 1839, omitting the thousands who were captured by the Bakkara, amounted to at least 100,000. As soon as the rainy season is over, the capturing excursion, called Gasna, commences, and the necessary number of camels, one for each soldier, and others for arms, ammunition, and tents, is demanded. The soldiers seize all that comes in their way, and in a few days all that is necessary is obtained. The capturing expedition consists of from 1000 to 2000 regular foot soldiers; 400 to 500 Mograbini (Bedouins on horseback) armed with guns and pistols; 300 to 500 of the militia (half-naked savages) on dromedaries, with shields and spears; and 1000 more on foot, with bucklers and small lances. "As soon as every thing is ready, the march begins. They usually take from two to four field-pieces, and only sufficient bread for the first eight days. Oxen, sheep, and other cattle, are generally taken by force before at Cordofan, although the tax upon cattle may have been paid. When they meet with a flock, either feeding or at the watering-places, they steal the cattle, and do not care whether it belongs to one or more persons; they make no reparation for necessary things, whoever may be the sufferer, and no objection or complaint is listened to, as the governor himself is present.

As soon as they arrive at the first mountains in Nubia, the inhabitants are asked to give the appointed number of slaves as their customary tribute. This is usually done with readiness; for these people live so near Cordofan, and are well aware that, by an obstinate refusal, they expose themselves to far greater sufferings. If the slaves are given without resistance, the inhabitants of that mountain are preserved from the horrors of an open attack; but as the food of the soldiers begins to fail about that time, the poor people are obliged to procure the necessary provisions as well as the specified number of slaves, and the Turks do not consider whether the harvest has been good or bad. All that is not freely given, the soldiers take by force. Like so many bloodhounds, they know how to discover the hidden stores, and frequently leave these unfortunate people scarcely a loaf for the next day. They then proceed on to the more distant mountains: here they consider themselves to be in the land of an enemy; they encamp near the mountain which they intend to take by storm the following day, or immediately, if it is practicable. But before the attack commences, they endeavour to settle the affair amicably; a messenger is sent to the sheik, in order to invite him to come to the camp, and to bring with him the requisite number of slaves. If the chief agrees with his subjects to the proposal, in order to prevent all further bloodshed, or if he finds his means inadequate to attempt resistance, he readily gives the appointed number of slaves. The sheik then proceeds to procure the number he has promised; and this is not difficult, for many volunteers offer themselves for their brethren, and are ready to subject themselves to all the horrors of slavery, in order to free those they love.

Here the most heart-rending scenes may be witnessed: for who is willing to separate himself from his home, from his parents, brothers and sisters, and relations!—who likes to forsake the cottage that has sheltered him from his infancy, and where he has spent so many happy hours in the society of those by whom he is beloved!—who likes to go forth to meet a horrible fatality, which promises nothing but misery, cruelty, and, what is perhaps most desirable, death!—and yet they feel the necessity that one of them should suffer in order to exempt the rest; the father may frequently be seen disputing with his son, the brother with his brother, as to which of them is to deliver himself freely into slavery, for every one wishes to save his affectionate and endeared relative.

The anticipation of falling into the hands of the unfeeling Turks, where nothing but misery and torments await them, to which they must submit—the prospect of being obliged to forsake all that is dear to them, and that for ever—overpowers them. They bedew the cheeks of those they love with their tears, while they press the last kiss, and take the last farewell; they then deliver themselves into the hands of their unfeeling, hardened tormentors. Sometimes they are obliged to be torn by force from the embraces of their friends and relations. The sheik generally receives a dress as a present for his ready services.

But there are very few mountains that submit to such a demand. Most villages which are advantageously situated, and lie near steep precipices or inaccessible heights, that can be ascended only with difficulty, defend themselves most valiantly, and fight for the rights of liberty with a courage, perseverance, and sacrifice, of which history furnishes us with few examples. Very few flee at the approach of their enemies, although they might take refuge in the high mountains with all their goods, especially as they receive timely information of the arrival of the soldiers; but they consider such flights cowardly and shameful, and prefer to die fighting for their liberty.

If the sheik does not yield to the demand, an attack is made upon the village. The cavalry and bearers of lances surround the whole mountain, and the infantry endeavour to climb the heights. Formerly, they fired with cannon upon the villages and those places where the negroes were assembled, but, on

account of the want of skill of the artillerymen, few shots, if any, took effect: the negroes became indifferent to this prelude, and were only stimulated to a more obstinate resistance. The thundering of the cannon at first caused more consternation than their effects, but the fears of the negroes ceased as soon as they became accustomed to it. Before the attack commences, all avenues to the village are blocked up with large stones or other impediments, the village is provided with water for several days, the cattle and other property taken up to the mountain; in short, nothing necessary for a proper defence is neglected. The men, armed only with lances, occupy every spot which may be defended, and even the women do not remain inactive; they either take part in the battle personally, or encourage their husbands by their cries and lamentations, and provide them with arms; in short, all are active, except the sick and aged. The points of their wooden lances are first dipped into a poison which is standing by them in an earthen vessel, and which is prepared from the juice of a certain plant. The poison is of a whitish colour, and looks like milk which has been standing; the nature of the plant, and the manner in which the poison is prepared, is still a secret, and generally known only to one family in the village, who will not on any account make it known to others.

As soon as the signal is given for the attack, the infantry sound the alarm, and an assault is made upon the mountain. Thousands of lances, large stones, and pieces of wood, are then thrown at the assailants; behind every large stone a negro is concealed, who either throws his poisoned lance at the enemy, or waits for the moment when his opponent approaches the spot of his concealment, when he pierces him with his lance. The soldiers, who are only able to climb up the steep heights with great difficulty, are obliged to sling their guns over their backs, in order to have the use of their hands when climbing, and, consequently, are often in the power of the negroes before they are able to discover them. But nothing deters these robbers. Animated with avarice and revenge, they mind no impediment, not even death itself. One after another treads upon the corpse of his comrade, and thinks only of robbery and murder, and the village is at last taken, in spite of the most desperate resistance. And then the revenge is horrible. Neither the aged nor sick people are spared, women, and even children in their mother's womb, fall a sacrifice to their fury; the huts are plundered, the little possession of the unfortunate inhabitants carried away or destroyed, and all that fall alive into the hands of the robbers, are led as slaves into the camp. When the negroes see that their resistance is no longer of any avail, they frequently prefer death to slavery; and if they are not prevented, you may see the father rip up first the stomach of his wife, then of his children, and then his own, that they may not fall alive into the hands of the enemy. Others endeavour to save themselves by creeping into holes, and remain there for several days without nourishment, where there is frequently only room sufficient to allow them to lie on their backs, and in that situation they sometimes remain for eight days. They have assured me, that if they can overcome the first three days, they may, with a little effort, continue full eight days without food. But even from these hiding-places, the unfeeling barbarians know how to draw them, or they make use of means to destroy them: provided with combustibles, such as pitch, brimstone, &c., the soldiers try to kindle a fire before the entrance of the holes, and by forcing the stinking smoke up the holes, the poor creatures are forced to creep out, and to surrender themselves to their enemies, or they are suffocated with the smoke.

After the Turks have done all in their power to capture the living, they lead these unfortunate people into the camp; they then plunder the huts and the cattle, and several hundred soldiers are engaged in searching the mountain in every direction, in order to steal the hidden harvest, that the rest of the negroes, who were fortunate enough to escape, and have hid themselves in inaccessible caves, should not find any thing on their return to nourish and continue their life.

As soon as they have obtained about 500 or 600 slaves, they are sent to Lobaid, with an escort of country people, and about fifty soldiers, under the command of an officer. In order to prevent escape, a sheba is hung round the necks of the adults. A sheba is a young tree, about eight feet long, and two inches thick, and which has a fork at the top; it is so tied to the neck of the poor creature, that the trunk of the tree hangs down in the front, and the fork closed behind the neck with a cross piece of timber, or tied together with strips cut out of a fresh skin; and in this situation the slave, in order to be able to walk at all, is obliged to take the tree into his hands, and to carry it before him. But none can endure this very long, and to render it easier, the one in advance takes the tree of the man behind him on his shoulder. It is impossible for them to get their head free, and it frequently happens that they have their necks wounded, which is followed by an inflammation, and sometimes even by death.

Boys, between ten and fifteen years of age, who cannot bear such a sheba, are tied together, two and two, with wooden clasps on their hands: this is done by placing the wood on the right arm of one, and on the left of another, above the wrist, and then lacing it tightly. Other boys are tied together, by two and two, with leather strings. Boys under the above-men-

tioned ages, as well as girls, women, and aged persons, are allowed to walk at liberty. Many a mother carries her sucking babe, of a few days old, in her arms; others have to carry on their backs, or in their arms, two or three of their children, as they are too young and feeble to walk by themselves. Old people, tottering with their staves, the sick and wounded, walk, surrounded by their daughters, wives, or relations, and are assisted and even carried occasionally by them. If one of these unfortunate persons remains behind the line but one step, he is immediately forced to proceed by blows from the butt-ends of the guns, or by stripes of the whip; and if they even then should not be able to move on, from ten to twelve of them are tied with their hands to a cord, one end of which is fastened to the pomel of a camel, and the dying thus dragged along. No pity is shown to those who sink down; they are not released, but dragged along with the rest, even if one should die before they arrive at the appointed halting-place. Before the caravan halts, no refreshment, either of food or drink, is given to the debilitated negroes; the unfeeling Turks have no compassion—even if a drop of water should be sufficient to refresh the feeble, it is not given to him, but he is left to perish."

Enough of this dreadful picture! Let us hope that European, or at least British public opinion, will in some way be brought to bear upon the smooth-tongued monster who is at the bottom of all these atrocities.

LETTERS FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

MY DEAR JANE,—I arrived in London a few days ago, after a long and amusing tour with your uncle on the Continent; and having much to do in a very limited time, before coming home to Scotland, it was only yesterday that I could begin to look about me, or visit any of the interesting sights in this wonderfully large town. By the kindness of Mr —, I was conducted to several public buildings in the early part of the day; but none of these afforded me so much pleasure as an exhibition to which I was taken in the evening—I mean the very curious wax-work at the Bazaar in Baker Street, the proprietor of which is Madame Tussaud.

Madame Tussaud, you must understand, is an elderly French lady, who, in the early part of her life, figured in the higher circles of Paris at the time of the Revolution. She was the niece and adopted daughter of M. Curtius, a Swiss medical gentleman, who was famous for his skill in modelling figures in wax; so much so, that the royal family of France invited him to Paris, where he was greatly patronised. His young niece becoming a proficient in wax-modelling under his kind directions, she also attained eminence in the art, and was employed at the royal palace to teach it to the Princess Elizabeth—a lady of amiable manners, who, with thousands of other persons equally worthy and unfortunate, perished during the revolutionary disorders. Under such respectable auspices, Madame Tussaud gained an entrance into the best society, and became personally acquainted with almost all the distinguished men of the day. When the revolution broke out, she was among the few connected with the aristocracy who were spared, and this she owed to her skill as an artist: you see how much good may sometimes come of learning a useful art, which may either embellish life in prosperity or support it in the day of hard adversity. Well, Madame Tussaud was spared from the guillotine, because she was required by the revolutionary leaders to immortalise them by her craft. She made figures in wax of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and a great many other worthies, dressing them, of course, in the new fashion of the period, called the costume of the *sans culottes*. She was also on many occasions employed to take models of heads which had been severed on the scaffold; the leaders of the terrorists, as they were called, not interfering to prevent her performing this melancholy task. By these and other means, Madame Tussaud was enabled to form a large and valuable collection of models of the most remarkable individuals in France—royalists, revolutionists, generals, men of science and literature, and also ladies of distinction. With this collection she afterwards came to England, where she was permitted by many distinguished personages to take models of them in wax; and here at last we find her, now advanced in years, exhibiting her unrivalled collection in one of the fashionable streets in the west end of London.

The exhibition is open during the day; but we had heard that the effect was much finer at night, and preferred seeing it under its best aspect. Externally there is nothing to indicate the singular scene which is going on within; and, on entering, you find yourself in an elegant, well-lighted lobby, surrounded by statues. A double staircase—that is, a flight of stairs leading from each side of the lobby—unites on a landing at the top, from which, by a door panelled with mirrors, you gain entrance to a beautiful outer apartment, tastefully laid out with ornaments of various kinds—mirrors, vases, &c. The walls, doors, &c., being of white decorated with gold, have a lightness and elegance, the effect of which is very pleasing. At one side of the door, on entering, before a small table, sits the venerable proprietor, neatly dressed in black, bowing to the company as they come in or out. Here the money is taken; and you advance through a pass-

age, tastefully decorated with white and gold, to the principal room. But here, my dear Jane, I regret my utter inability to convey to you, as distinctly as I could wish, the extraordinary appearance of things on entering. Imagine a room about a hundred feet long (perhaps more), and lofty in proportion, the walls hung with scarlet cloth, which, before reaching the ceiling, is terminated by a ledge running round the whole room; on this ledge are placed, at regular intervals, elegant vases, gilt, with a thick garland of gilt flowers festooned from vase to vase. Over the doorway is a gallery splendidly gilt, filled with musicians who play on various instruments. All the pillars and doors are of white and gilt, which lightens the effect produced by the scarlet walls. The whole place is brilliantly illuminated with gas, issuing from numerous lustres depending from the roof. With all this grandeur, take into account the crowd of figures, animate and inanimate, with which the apartment was filled—some in groups, some standing as if in doubt whether the objects before them were of flesh and blood, or merely artificial; every countenance impressed with the feeling of gratified wonder, and looking as if under the influence of a dream.

The first figure, on the right-hand side of the door, represents the inventor of the Infernal Machine, Fieschi—the person, you know, who attempted to destroy the King of the French; and as the head and eyes move in a manner perfectly natural, you are at first startled at being brought so immediately in contact with a person of character so infamous, and who appears to be in the act of discharging his terrific instrument of death, consisting of twenty-five gun-barrels, loaded with several inches of gunpowder, besides ball and slugs; but as there are so many pleasing and attractive objects court the attention at every step, I shall not linger beside one which is only calculated to awaken feelings of horror. Near to this first figure, forming a delightful contrast to the French assassin, is the modelled figure of an infant asleep, a beautiful emblem of innocence and simplicity. It is told of this infant, that, in the year 1796, the Seine overflowed its banks, when the child was washed away in its cradle, but was rescued by some person who saw it floating down the stream. Bonaparte, having heard of the circumstance, had the child, who was a boy, taken care of till he was a proper age, when he had him placed at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and ultimately provided for him in the army. Again, in contradistinction to this, stands the figure of Edward Oxford, who lately gained an undesirable notoriety in consequence of his insane attempt to shoot the Queen, as she was driving in the Park. There is not anything particular in his appearance. He looks like a genteelish young man, who would not attract any attention but for his crime. The next group, which is to be regarded with a much greater degree of interest, represents Louis XVI. of France, his unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, and the dauphin. One is led to imagine that these must be true likenesses of the originals, from the circumstance of their having been exhibited at *La Petit Trianon* at Versailles, where they must have been visited by many who could judge of the correctness of the resemblances. They were taken from life in 1790. They are dressed in the costume of the period, and are represented as sitting on a sofa, or chair of state, the dauphin standing beside them. His figure or face must have been taken subsequent to 1790, as he was not born till 1785, and here looks at least eight or ten years of age.

Near this group, on the same side of the room, are Louis Philippe, and the present Emperor of Russia. The King of the French, who is dressed in the uniform of the National Guards, is a decided likeness. This figure and that of the Emperor of Russia were taken from life. Again, amongst the crowned heads may be noticed Henry IV. of France, in a suit of chevalier armour, and Charles II. of England, also wearing a suit of magnificent armour. On the right-hand side, the attention is arrested by the majestic figure of Mrs Siddons, in the dress and attitude of Queen Catherine, in the play of *Henry VIII.*; and near her is her celebrated brother, John Kemble, in the character of Hamlet. The faces of both are fine, and singularly expressive—such countenances as one looks for in vain in the every-day world. At a little distance, in a sitting attitude, is Shakespeare, but for whom, it is possible, the talents of the last-mentioned personages might not have been brought so conspicuously forward.

On this side of the room, in the centre, we are gratified with a representation of the marriage group of the Queen: Prince Albert is in the act of holding the ring, preparatory to placing it on the finger of her Majesty, while the Archbishop of Canterbury is performing his part of the ceremony with a look of great solemnity. The Queen is dressed in white satin, with a beautiful lace robe over it, and a train bordered with orange flowers. A wreath of the orange blossom encircles her head, from the back of which a white lace veil is arranged with great elegance. Across the breast her Majesty wears the order of the Garter. Prince Albert is dressed in a field-marshal's uniform—scarlet coat, &c., with the order of the Garter round his leg, over stockings of white silk.

On this side, also, there is Lord Byron, as if conversing with Sir Walter Scott, whose likeness was taken by Madame Tussaud, while in Edinburgh in 1828. There is a substantial respectability in Sir Walter's appearance, which, on a first glance, almost

leads one to suppose that he is out of place, the scene around being one of intense brilliancy and glitter. He is dressed in a plain suit of black. Lord Byron's, I should suppose, is not what might be considered a fine likeness. The face is not so expressive or intellectual in its character as one is led to expect, in seeing a representation of this distinguished poet. His dress is partly concealed by a cloak thrown over his shoulders. The face is modelled from a bust of Lord Byron executed in Italy while he resided there. Another group, comprising the King of Hanover, Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Daniel O'Connell, occupies a position on this side of the room; as also the Earl of Leicester, a fine venerable-looking personage, Earl Spencer, and Lord Durham. At the upper end of the room is a fine commanding figure of the King of the Belgians, taken from life in 1817; and at a little distance apart is Queen Caroline, in a court dress of black velvet, and a hat with white feathers. This brings us to the upper end of the room, where a still more gorgeous scene opens up, showing a spacious recess or anteroom, the whole of which is seen at one glance, magnificently fitted up. The walls are hung, in the richest manner, with crimson silk velvet, and the floor laid with crimson; the whole got up in the most tasteful and superb style.

The sole occupant of this grand apartment is his late Majesty George IV., in his coronation robes. The figure is said to have been modelled from life; the attitude is at once easy and commanding. The king is decorated with the order of the Bath, the order of the Garter, and the Guelphic order. The principal robe, which is the identical one worn at the procession to Westminster Abbey on the day of the coronation, measures seven yards in length, by three in width; is of crimson velvet, splendidly embroidered with gold; and, with the parliamentary robe, and the imperial robe, which is of purple velvet, both of which are also exhibited, contains 567 feet of velvet and embroidery, and cost, along with the ermine lining, eighteen thousand pounds! The throne is also introduced on which the king received the allied monarchs. The crown, orb, and sceptre, which are arranged on a table, are correct copies of those used at the coronation. The jewels, of course, are imitation, but so dazzlingly brilliant, that it would take a good judge to discover the deception. After looking on this, and turning to the comparatively humble figure of Queen Caroline, the effect is painful. She is, as it were, standing a spectator of that splendour in which she was not allowed to participate. Beyond this opening, on the other side, is the Princess Charlotte, in a velvet dress, taken from a bust for which her royal highness sat on the day of her marriage. Near to this is the late Duke of York, in the robes of the order of the Garter, said to have been taken from life.

A fantastically dressed figure of Baron Swedenborg next attracts the attention. The costume is that of a senator of Sweden. This individual, you perhaps have heard, was the founder of a small religious sect of extraordinary opinions. The next objects of consequence are his late Majesty William IV., in an admiral's uniform, remarkably well executed; and Queen Adelaide, in a court dress of dark silk velvet, her countenance more distinguished for gentleness and mildness of expression than queenly dignity.

A little farther on is another of the royal brothers, the late Duke of Kent, in the robes and orders of the Bath and Garter; but the most conspicuous group on this side of the room exhibits a cluster of six persons, arranged with good effect. The centre figure represents Mary Queen of Scots, in a sitting attitude, enduring the withering and bitter rebukes of her censor, John Knox, who is backed by John Calvin and Martin Luther, in their black gowns and bands, with black caps. The introduction of these two latter gentlemen is not in accordance with historical facts, but they add to the effect pictorially. On the other side of Mary are figures of Queen Elizabeth and her father, Henry VIII. Henry, I must observe, is not in the least like the bluff Harry with whose face every one is familiar—it is the only failure in the room. The dress is quite correct, but the resemblance is not in the least like the portraits of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth does not appear to advantage by the side of her beautiful victim, Mary; her dress, however, is very good. Mary is dressed in a robe of black velvet, with a profusion of splendid old white lace—her look expresses patient submission.

On this side of the room there is a figure of Voltaire, as if addressing an old coquette, in the dress of the period—high-heeled shoes, powdered wig, ruffles, and buckram. A little farther on is a group of eminent personages, the most striking of whom is Mohammed Ali, in a Turkish costume, and which includes Lord Palmerston; Commodore Napier, in the uniform of an admiral; Joseph Hume, M.P., Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, the three last-named gentlemen said to have been taken from life. Here we have Paganini playing on his violin, and near him a fine figure of the late Princess Augusta, in a splendid court dress of velvet and white satin, with a fine set of brilliants. Nearer to the door is an interesting figure of Madame Malibran, in a black velvet dress and black lace scarf; and underneath the pedestal on which she is placed, there is a humorous figure of Mr Liston, in the character of Paul Pry, with his everlasting umbrella under his arm; and beside him, sitting at a desk as if writing, with the pen in his hand, is Frost, the Chartist leader. It was some time before I discovered that this was

not a real person—I thought him a check-taker, or some official connected with the establishment.

I must now turn your attention to the middle of the spacious room. We have been all this time pushing our way along the sides; the crowd has become more dense, and it is only by manoeuvring that we can make our way along. The centre is occupied by two distinct groups, both of them interesting in no small degree. The first represents the most celebrated characters of the late war, with the members of the Holy Alliance. Opposite, on a raised platform, is a pedestal, surmounted by an eagle, the favourite emblem of Napoleon, who is standing at a little distance pointing towards it. Behind him stands Marshal Ney. On the floor, by the side of Napoleon, are the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and the Marquis of Anglessea. At the foot of the pedestal is seated the Emperor of Austria, in the white coat and uniform of the Austrian guards. His face is singularly mild and benevolent in its expression. Behind the emperor are the King of Prussia and Marshal Blucher. The Emperor of Russia, in the uniform of the Russian guards, occupies a conspicuous place, and is understood to be offering, on behalf of the allied monarchs, the kingdom of France to Napoleon. Next to the pedestal, behind, is Murat, King of Naples; and between him and Ney is Roustan, a favourite Mameluke, in an Egyptian costume, who is said to have saved Napoleon's life while in Egypt.

On the floor, on this side, is Prince Talleyrand, as if conversing with Bernadotte, King of Sweden; and next to him is Lord Nelson, in an admiral's uniform, from a cast taken from his face. Napoleon is dressed in the uniform of a chasseur of the Guard—a white kind of surcoat, with long boots—and bears the star of the Legion of Honour. His face is said to have been taken from life in 1815. This is a striking group altogether; bringing before you, as if living and breathing, those celebrated men with whose names every one is more or less acquainted. I know, my dear Jane, that your love of history will have enabled you, long ere this, to become familiar with not only their names, but with the parts which they played in the great transactions of their time.

Between this and the next group stands a figure of Madame Tussaud herself, dressed in a neat black silk cloak and bonnet. This is a capital deception. You would not for a moment suppose the figure to be artificial, did you not, perhaps, in the crowd, come up against it rather rudely, and having turned to apologise, you see that the eye is fixed as if looking upon a female who appears reclining on a couch asleep. There is a black lace veil thrown over the latter figure; and, to your amazement, you see the chest heaving, as if breathing gently in sleep. This is ingeniously contrived by springs, but looks so perfectly natural, that you can scarcely turn away. This sleeping beauty represents a young Frenchwoman, who was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of the body-guard of Louis XVI., killed in defending the palace of the Tuilleries, in the attack of August 1792. This lady was so unfortunate as to incur the vengeance of Robespierre, was condemned by him to the guillotine, and perished at the age of twenty-two.

The second group exhibits the coronation of the Queen, who is seated on a throne in her crimson velvet robes. The crown has just been placed on her head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is standing behind, as if imploring a blessing. The Queen is holding in her hand the orb and sceptre, the insignia of royalty. The archbishop is supported by the Archbishop of York on his right, and the Bishop of London on his left hand. Next the Queen, on the right, stands the Duke of Cambridge; then the Duchess of Kent, in a full coronation robe of velvet; next in order stands Lord Melbourne; next to his lordship is the Duke of Newcastle; and last, on this side, is Lord Lyndhurst, all robed as peers. At the other side of her Majesty is the Duke of Sussex, wearing the robes of a peer, and the collar of the Bath and star of St Andrew; next to him is Earl Grey; then the Duke of Sutherland, all of these being also in their robes; Earl Mulgrave comes next, followed by the Marquis of Londonderry, in the uniform of the 4th Hussars, wearing the order of the Guelph; and, lastly, the Duke of Devonshire, in a court dress, wearing the order of the Garter.

At the upper end, overlooking this scene, are three female figures, raised on pedestals, representing the three kingdoms, holding the appropriate emblems of the three countries—England, Ireland, and Scotland. They are dressed fancifully with helmets and white plumes.

There is one figure more, which I had almost forgotten, and he is not the least celebrated person in the room; this is Mr Cobbett, who is sitting on a form, as if admiring the scene around him. He is dressed in a plain grey suit, with his hat on. He wears spectacles, and holds a snuff-box in his hand, as if inviting his neighbours to partake. His head moves from side to side, and you might sit by him for an hour without discovering that he was not like yourself—a visitor. This, my dear Jane, closes my rambling account of Madame Tussaud's famed exhibition, which you must not allow yourself to associate in your mind with those tawdry and tinselled spectacles which are often to be seen in provincial towns; there is nothing paltry or mean, or got-up looking about it, but, on the contrary, every thing bears evidence of the excellent judgment and liberality of the indefatigable conductor,

Madame Tussaud, who, I believe, changes the linen, lace, &c., every week or two, so that they are all beautifully clean and neat. Nor is there that stiffness or awkwardness in the figures that one might expect in things so purely artificial, the face and hands only being composed of wax, the rest of the person, I believe, is stuffed so as to resemble nature as closely as possible. Besides the apartments I have mentioned, there is a room which is shown separately, an extra charge being made for admission. This apartment is allotted to such personages as Burke, Robespierre, Courvoisier, &c.; but as the contemplation of these gentlemen could not be productive of any thing but horror, I thought it a pity to destroy the very pleasing impression which was left by the more interesting exhibition in the large saloon, and so I passed them over.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MAP OF RACES.

DR KOMBST of Edinburgh has published a map of Europe, in which the locality of the various races is pointed out by means of colouring.* The idea is a good one, and the execution stamps the author as a man of ample knowledge and philosophical judgment. We could only wish that the colouring were executed with somewhat greater pains, and that the patches below, designed to serve for reference to the colours of the map, were on a larger scale, so as to ensure greater distinctness. The political history of European countries has long occupied a sufficient share of attention. It is now beginning to be discovered that a knowledge of the race to which the people of a particular country or district belong, is a much readier key to their character. We would therefore say, that a careful perusal of Dr Kombst's map, and the information condensed along its margins, would give more illumination than the reading of many volumes. It is instructive to see at a glance into what a narrow space (comprehending central Ireland, the north-west of Scotland, Wales, and Brittany) the Celtic aborigines of Europe have been pushed by the races of higher endowment and civilisation which came after them—and what comparatively large spaces are occupied by the Teutonic and Slavonian tribes. Nor is it less so to observe the results of race characters in the institutions, civil and religious, of various countries.

Dr Kombst joins Dr McCulloch and Dr Prichard in a theory which, we believe, has not as yet attracted much attention—namely, that the ancient Greeks were fundamentally a mixture of the Celtic and Teutonic branches of the Caucasian variety, the Teutones predominating in the Dorian, and the Celts in the Ionian states. He believes the Heracleidae to have been a later and additional body of Teutones thrown in upon the previously mixed inhabitants. He adduces, in support of this doctrine, various terms descriptive of persons which are only appropriate to the Teutones, as *xanthos*, fair-haired, applied by Homer to Menelaus; *glaukopis*, blue-eyed, applied to Minerva; *euknemides*, straight-legged, used by Homer with regard to the Achæians generally. Such terms, he says, could only exist in a country where the peculiarities they described were common, and where the opposite peculiarities were also prevalent, being in reality analogous to our names, Reid, Black, Brown, and the German Roth, Schwarz, Braun, &c. Not to speak of language, Dr Kombst points to resemblance of dispositions and manners, as shown in Ottfried Müller's work on the Dorians. Skulls found in ancient Greek tumuli exhibit a great resemblance to the skulls of the Germans. He adds—"An accurate study of Greek statuary, made in different capitals of Europe, especially at Paris, has given me the most evident proof that the sculptors themselves were aware of a difference of race amongst the Greeks, as far as exhibited by a different bodily appearance. We find there models of the Celtic and of the Teutonic variety; Hercules, for example, and Jupiter, are every inch of them Teutonic figures. Not to speak of what would probably be called ideal portraits, let us look at real ones, and we shall find that the most distinguished Greek philosophers, poets, orators, statesmen, had Teutonic heads." "I could likewise show that a great deal of Teutonic blood flowed in the veins of the Romans." After this, no one can be surprised to hear that "the Teutonic variety has every where conquered and trampled under foot, nay exterminated, the other varieties with which it met in its progress towards the west."

Amongst a number of general propositions, stated by the author, with regard to the varieties of mankind, we find the following:—"The different species and varieties have an instinctive consciousness of their natural physical difference, which may to a certain extent be overcome by a great degree of mental culture, but which in primitive conditions is expressed by a mutual aversion and disinclination for marriage. This peculiarity has often been denied by well-meaning but one-sided and abstract-thinking philanthropists; but the whole history of all ages shows it most distinctly to exist."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

A knight of the whip, who seems to have a leaning to the temperance cause, addresses his brethren in a

little pamphlet* respecting the customs of the Travellers' Room. He sets out by describing how, as an isolated class in the community, they "have made less progress in the melioration of their condition than perhaps any other, compared with the valuable opportunities they possess, and the sphere in which they move. How is this?" asks the knight of the whip; and, if the proposition be correct, we ask the same thing. The answer which casts up in the sequel is, that commercial travellers generally, though often disposed to enter on a course of improvement, are placed at a serious disadvantage, by being obliged to attend to certain usages with respect to their mode of living at inns. We shall allow the writer to explain his meaning by an extract from the works of Mr Dunlop. The travellers are met in the room appropriated to their use, and the solemn duty of dinner is in the act of performance.

"When (proceeds Mr Dunlop, quoting from a previous writer on the subject) fish is leaving the table, the president inquires of the rice and the company what wine will be agreeable. The wines generally used in the commercial room are port and sherry. Sometimes other wines are introduced, but in such cases the party is a small and select one. The result of the president's inquiry is, usually, his desiring the waiter to bring in a bottle of sherry. This is placed on the right hand of the president, who takes wine with the vice, and afterwards with the other gentlemen at table. Should the party exceed eight in number, two bottles of sherry are ordered to come in both together. Pastry is paraded, succeeded by cheese, which is the signal for the president's ordering port wine. When the cloth is removed, clean glasses are placed before each person; and the president, filling his glass, passes the decanters to the gentleman on his left, who, after filling, pushes them to his neighbour, and so on, till they again arrive at the head of the table. When they have completed this tour, the president drinks 'The Ladies,' an act of gallantry which each gentleman immediately imitates. The bottles then describe the same circle as before, and then the health of the reigning sovereign is proposed. After these toasts, it depends upon the president whether each succeeding glass shall be consecrated by a toast or drunk in silence. If the former be the plan adopted, the vice-president is called upon by the president to give a toast, and after him every gentleman present, in succession. When the bill is called for, any person can rise and leave the table, without any apology for his thus leaving; he has fulfilled his share in the proceedings, and can now quit the table sans reproche. When you dine alone, you are expected to order a pint of wine. It is a usage of the room to order a glass of wine, or spirits and water, in the evening. The expenditure of one shilling in this way every night, is considered to be one of the claims of the innkeeper upon the frequenters of his commercial room, and the liquor is generally ordered, whether used or not. It is not unusual, among some parties, to treat with drink those who give mercantile orders; and one informant has known of a traveller, who, having been supposed to have lost orders by not sufficient treating, was, in consequence, turned off by the house which employed him. The first time a traveller visits a particular town or county, he is fined in a bottle of wine to the company; and a certificate is given by the chairman that the fine has been paid. Not only are customers, in some cases, to be treated at or after giving orders, but also at settlement of accounts. In short, this class is as much fettered and enslaved by drinking usage as almost any among the working ranks; and it would evidently require an exertion of moral courage which few possess, to travel a large part of the year, and to controvert, single-handed, all the drinking usages of all the commercial rooms within the traveller's beat, or journey."

The knight of the whip of course arrives at the conclusion, that habits of intemperance are the ruin of commercial travellers. They spend much precious time worse than uselessly, injure their health, and empty their pockets; and all for what!—the good of the house. Such is the presumed and ostensible cause; but our knight thinks that the evil is also in no small measure owing to the inclinations of the travellers themselves. "Is a traveller cold with his outside ride!—he calls for a glass! Is he fatigued with carrying his bag from shop to shop!—he takes a glass! Are orders scarce, and his mind depressed!—he still calls for the other glass!! Is the dinner good!—then it ought to be enhanced by an extra glass!!! The usages are therefore to be considered as chains not unwillingly borne. "Think," he adds, "of the personal example of these men; what attraction would it exhibit, and what good disseminate, were it uniformly marked by intelligence, sobriety, and the nobler virtues of human nature! In place of this, however, 'the road' is marked by puerile monotony, relieved only by eating and drinking, and the eternal, ever-present, ever-soothing idea—'I think I'll pull the bell, and have a glass of —.'"

Our Knight endeavours to impress his brethren with the idea that they would do themselves much good and no small honour, by reforming the habits of the travellers' room, pulling the bell less frequently for their own gratifications, avoiding on all possible occasions to give treats, and organising such regula-

* Ethnographic Map of Europe. By Dr Gustaf Kombst. F.R.N.E.C., &c. Edinburgh: John Johnston, and W. and A. K. Johnston.

* Our Commercial Travellers. By a Knight of the Whip. Glasgow: Gallie. 1841.

tions as to payment for food and lodging, as would "place the landlord on a right footing," not forgetting "a more seemly way of remunerating waiters." We possess no means of judging how far it would be possible to effect these reforms; but the subject is surely worthy of the attention of this numerous and respectable body of men. Certainly, there is no class of the community who have so much in their power in the way of improving the customs connected with inns and travelling.

SPENCER T. HALL, THE SHERWOOD FORESTER.

We are always glad to make our pages the vehicle of conveying to the world the history of merit and perseverance struggling against and overcoming the obstacles of fortune. What we most desire to see is the working-classes adopting for themselves—taking into the economy of their lives—a virtuous and patient endeavour to extract the greatest possible amount of good out of the toil and privation, more or less severe, which is the lot of their existence. We want to teach them that they can do infinitely more for themselves than any outward aid can accomplish for them. We want them to feel their responsibility to act with energy and forethought under their circumstances—to accustom them more and more to meet the hardships of life by virtuous and patient resolution—to bring them to think and reason correctly—and to induce them to cherish as patterns those of their own class whose lives attest the power of virtue and effort. "Diligent self-culture" is a phrase which must become a household word, and must be understood as practically as the commonest household duties.

About a twelvemonth since, a small neat volume, entitled "The Forester's Offering," came under our notice, purporting to be the production of Spencer T. Hall, a self-taught young man, pursuing the craft of an operative printer. Its contents are prose sketches of Sherwood Forest, of which its author is a native, and pieces in verse. The merits of the book would have claimed our attention, quite independently of the history of its composition; but author and volume taken together, we became considerably interested by it. The prose, which is divided into four chapters, relative to Sherwood Forest, its appearance and legends, is perhaps the least meritorious part of the production. Like most young authors, Mr Hall writes in too high-flown a style, and with too little regard to precision and brevity. We notice this circumstance, however, for Mr Hall's benefit. Should there be a subsequent edition of his volume, we recommend him to set out with telling where Sherwood Forest is—what is its extent and general character at the present day—is it all trees, or only patches of woodland intermingled with open fields—what roads are there through it—what are the occupations of its inhabitants—is the village of Edwinstone its capital, and what sort of a place is it—and so on, with various other interesting matters, which Mr Hall's knowledge of the district would easily enable him to give. Of his poetical efforts we can speak more favourably. From the poem "My Native Cottage," we copy these two stanzas. He is speaking of his mother.

"Oh, too, would'st thou describe my country's ports,
Crowded with gallant ships from every clime;
Her smiling palaces and frowning forts—
What'er of her was beautiful or sublime.
The fruit of modern taste or ancient time—
From domes remote that through old woodlands rise,
To cities crown'd with spires, that proudly climb,
And flash the sunlight back through summer skies—
Until my young soul swell'd with gladness and surprise.
And much I wish'd, as in my mind would grow
A sense of Britain's grandeur and her might,
That in her sons a warm desire might glow
To use their matchless power and skill aright,
And in the ways of love and truth delight.
For, oh! an early consciousness was mine,
That power misguidedly operates but to blight
All that is glorious, beautiful, benign—
And glooms a world with woe which else in bliss might shine."

We also very much admire the following verses, addressed to the sons of one of his friends on their return to school after vacation time—

"Once more in rigour turn, dear boys,
To your scholastic duties;
From knowledge spring life's noblest joys,
Its comforts and its beauties.
Away, then, for the days of youth
Ye cannot spend more cheerily,
Or nobly, than in woeing truth,
Which, winning, prize most dearly.
For though youth's budding hopes may bloom,
In manhood but to vanish;
Time cannot learning's stores consume,
Nor cure its pleasures banish.
Oh, no! its joys still round us glow,
When we through life have striven;
Since only blossoming below,
They ripen but in Heaven.
Then onward press with purpose true,
With ardour never-failing,
Since slighted chances late to rue
Is surely unavailing.
Your means of learning, strength, and skill,
And wit, I do not doubt them;
But having these, and not the will,
You'd better be without them.
Away, away! and ever may
Your tasks be light and pleasant,
As are your uncheck'd sports to-day,
While with your parents present."

And when ye to their arms return,
Fresh flowers of promise bringing,
No weed of vice be theirs to mourn
Among your virtues springing.

Oh! ever love them, and obey;
For as through life ye wander,
Meet true you'll find this lowly lay,
Which oft and deeply ponder:
Hard hearts and false we meet and rue,
That rightly ne'er regard us;
But parents still are kind and true,
Though all beside discard us.

Farewell, then, for the days of youth,
Ye cannot spend more cheerily,
Or nobly, than in woeing truth,
Which, winning, oh prize dearly!
For learning's joys will round you glow,
When ye through life have striven;
Since only blossoming below,
They ripen but in Heaven."

Mr Hall's book has obtained for him great popularity in his native district of Sherwood. In a Sheffield newspaper now before us, we find a report of a meeting of the inhabitants of the Forest (Nov. 3, 1841), to the number of above a hundred, at the village of Edwinstone, to present to him a carved oak walking-stick; and as Mr Hall's speech, in returning thanks for the present, contains a history of his mind and fortunes, we shall conclude this notice by extracting the most material passages.

"It has been requested," said Mr Hall, "that on this occasion, for the encouragement of others in circumstances like my own, I should give a natural history of my mind, to the cultivation of which, under what the world generally calls *difficulties*, but which I only call *stimulants*, is to be attributed the gratifying position I now occupy among you. I was born on the 16th December 1812, and I am consequently near upon twenty-nine years of age. My mother is dead; but all the rest of the family, seven brothers and sisters, still live in or near my birthplace, which is a little thatched cottage, only one storey high, at Sutton in Ashfield, a small town three miles within the ancient western boundary of the Forest. One of the principal tributaries of the river Mann, that runs so beautifully through this village, passes by my father's door, and I have sometimes heard its murmurs when sitting on the hearth. The first deep poetical impression I recollect receiving, was when so young that my father was carrying me in his arms. It was from seeing the gardens all covered with white, and, in a breezeless morning, the snow falling slowly and solemnly, flake by flake, from a calm dim sky upon them. This was the early awakening of my mind to the sublimity of simple and common nature, which, because it is simple and common, we so little perceive and enjoy. I once received another impression akin to this, but from different causes. It was one bright February morning, when I was seven or eight years old; it was in a lane at Fulwood, about a mile from Sutton. The whole landscape was sparkling with gems of frozen dew—not hoar-frost, but that bright powdery scattering which is next akin to it. A little cluster of rustic cottages were sending up their smoke-wreaths just by, and a green holly-bush, the only green object to be seen, was sweetly glowing at a bend of the lane beyond them, making me feel, as if by stepping as far, I should be all that nearer to the coming spring. Well, it is a very wide landscape that spreads away from that spot, cut into diamonds by hedgerows, and dotted with cottages, farms, churches, villages, corn-stalks, windmills, villas, and all the other indications of quiet rural life, up to where the North Peak of Derbyshire brings its blue hills in a semicircle, and hems in the prospect. All this, in the sunshine, was very delicious; and quietly pondering over it, the love of rural beauty bewitched my heart, almost like the sweet and silent joy of the love of a young maiden. Such, with me, was the beginning of poetry.

I will now tell you the way in which I learnt to read. My father being a shoemaker, and having several tiers of last-rails in his workshop, got the alphabet printed in large and small characters, and had it pasted at intervals along the rails. As soon as I could begin to scramble about, I tried to walk by holding on these rails; the letters caught my eye; and so I learnt to read and walk together—thanks to the ingenuity of my father. I am free to attribute all my learning to this source; for though I never went to a charity school in my life, my whole education, books included, never cost so much as a pound. I began to work at seven years of age, being employed from that to eleven at winding cotton for the stocking-makers, and nursing a poor brother who could not help himself, and whom I partially cured by wandering with him into the fields, where the fresh air strengthened him, whilst the scenery gladdened me. At eleven, I began to weave stockings myself; and to show you the sort of life we now led, take one illustrative anecdote, of which I could give a hundred. In addition to our cottage garden, we had then a one-acre field, which we used to plant alternately with potatoes and barley. One spring day, when I and my brothers had been getting on faster than usual in the stocking-frame, my mother came to us, and said, "Good lads, go on; and if you get your work done soon, you shall go with your father to roll the barley after drinking" (meaning tea-time). So away we went, and harnessed ourselves by shifts to a large stone roller, two at a time, our father taking his turn with the weakest of us; and so, after a good day's work in the stocking-

frame, we amused ourselves at night by rolling the barley field.

At this time I had, through the kindness of a pawnbroker, the privilege of reading such books as had been pledged with him and not redeemed, of which I make this public acknowledgment with thankfulness. I had also access to the library of the national school-master, Mr James Jennings, a highly respectable and kind man, who is now dead. I mention his name with gratitude and reverence. My leisure hours were often spent at a candiemaker's melting-house, where a merry and intelligent exciseman, of the name of Heiston, who had seen something of life through his residence in various parts of the country, gave me a good deal of information. Mr Barrott, the chandler, was an affable and well-informed man, and was fond of conversing with me. He lent me the *Life and Works of Dr Franklin*, the reading of which gave my mind a new impulse, and determined me on running away, with a view to returning at some future time as a printer. The burning, the languishing, and occasionally the maddening sense of my rustic enthrallment, at length broke bounds. [He proceeds to say, that when sixteen years of age, upon a cold evening in January 1829, with one shirt, one pair of stockings, a volume of voyages and travels, which he had purchased in six-penny numbers, together with a few numbers of the "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," all tied together in a bundle, and dressed in the plain and rustic fashion of a country Quaker, with only thirteenthpence half-penny of cash in his pocket, he privately left the paternal mansion, determined at all hazards to push his way in some new field of industry.]

I will not tell you of all the hardships, and insults, and kindnesses, I met with; it would detain you too long. Three nights I lay without sleeping; the first in a damp bed in an inn at Nottingham; the second on the floor of a cold workshop in Loughborough, where I heard the watchman's half-hourly cry throughout the whole night, and found at day dawn that the snow had drifted under the door to the very sack I lay upon; the third night again at Nottingham, in the house of a poor but hospitable friend, where, though the bed was soft and dry, I could scarcely get a wink of sleep for intense thinking. The adventures of the next five weeks would fill a great book if written. At the end of that time, I called one day at the *Mercury* office in Nottingham. Mr Shaw, then one of its proprietors, had previously given a complimentary call on my father, and had seen me working in the stocking-frame, when I explained to him with great earnestness its mechanism and history, with which he seemed pleased. I now thought he would in turn show me how printing was performed. On entering the office, the workmen were highly amused with my rustic appearance. But rustic as I was, I had read Dr Franklin, and made myself master of many of the technicalities of the business, and Mr Shaw was surprised at the facility with which I used them. Determined not to return home, and having nobody to depend upon but myself, I called at the office again to ask if they could tell me of any situation that had been advertised. Mr Shaw told me they could not, but said if I would walk with him towards his house, he would have some talk with me. He said, he was sorry I was not younger, as there was a vacancy in the *Mercury* office for a lad, which in some respects might suit me. I asked why age should be an obstacle; he replied, it was not my age, but my size and the stiffness of my fingers from rustic occupations, which would prevent me succeeding as a compositor. I believe at that moment my heart swelled considerably beyond its usual size, as I eagerly answered, that "application alone could soon remedy that." He said, he was afraid that it would not; and I left him embarrassed with conflicting emotions. Next morning, however, he sent for me, and made proposals—that I should serve him for seven years, beginning with the lowest situation in the office; that I must be an out-door apprentice, and have four shillings a-week for the first year, five shillings a-week for the second, and so on to the end. He also said, that though that should be the stipulation, if I merited it, something better might be done in time. The engagement seemed hazardous; but I was anxious and hopeful, and accepted it. Shaw's advice on the occasion was very shrew and sound; he said, to make it tolerable, I must consider myself two years younger to begin with.

For one year I made four shillings a-week find me in food at Nottingham, with an occasional cake or lump of bacon from my mother at Sutton, and my father paid my lodgings and washing. At the end of the first year, my master was so well satisfied with me, that instead of giving me five shillings a-week, he said he would let me eat and sleep in his house. I accepted his offer, and had no cause to repent it. If all I earned had been for myself, I could not by any possibility have worked harder than I did. After I had been with him a few years, it was stipulated, that all I earned above four and twenty shillings a-week, independently of proving the columns, and helping to work off the second edition of the paper, should be my own for clothes and pocket-money. At this time, too, Mrs Shaw, who was a very kind woman, undertook that my washing and mending should be done in her house. I was well fed, and my extra work sometimes amounted to half-a-crown a-week. But working once, and often twice, a-week almost all night, soon seriously injured my health; and I lost half my eyesight, and one-third of the power of my lungs, at Not-

tingham. Yet still, God be thanked, I had many joys and comforts. Rural life and scenery never lost their charm, and on the banks of the Trent, or on Mapperley Hills, in reading, or in the society of good and intelligent men, my spare hours were seasons of pleasure and gratitude. At seventeen, I one day by accident picked up Bloomfield's 'Farmer's Boy.' On reading its very invocation, a new fire was kindled in my heart—the fire of poetry—the power of expressing my thoughts and feelings. The spirit which had struggled to express itself in painting rough sketches found vent; I shed tears of gratitude, and hastened to put in practice my new faculty, by attempting some lines descriptive of Clifton Grove, the beloved haunt of Henry Kirke White. From that time, I found the society of more important people. The Howitts were then all living at Nottingham, and honoured me with their notice and friendship.

When I was twenty-one, Mr Shaw suddenly lost his sight, and soon after his interest in the paper. I engaged to complete my term of service with Mr Bennett, the new publisher. Under my new engagement I had ten shillings a-week for the first year, and twelve for the second; but bad health often prevented me from working, when, of course, I got little or nothing. When my apprenticeship was ended, my master expressed himself so well satisfied with my conduct, that he offered, if I could raise a printing-office at my native place, to supply me on credit with materials for commencing business. Several kind and generous friends who knew me advanced the necessary capital, and little more than seven years from running away, I drove past my native cottage with a new printing-press and with a loved and loving wife. Owing to various causes, Mr Hall relinquished his printing business at Sutton, and became foreman in the office of Messrs Hargrove at York, the publishers of the *York Herald* and *York Courant*. He soon after published the volume we have noticed above.

He concluded his narrative thus:—"With regard to my future efforts, though uncertain in their course, their result must be good in the end, because I have laid down two unerring principles. The first is taught me by the great lesson of *circumstances*, which are the language of God; it is, that every act, and every word, dishonest or insincere, must inevitably defeat its own intent; and the other is that beautiful sentiment of John Galt, 'That whenever we do a good action to another, it is the benevolence of heaven directing us to achieve some good for ourselves.'"

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AN IRISH STORY.

It was about the close of the year 18—, when, in consequence of the apparent tranquillity which prevailed in Europe, the allied sovereigns had determined upon recalling the army of occupation from France, although the time stipulated for its remaining in that country had not yet expired. Many of our soldiers were returning to the respective places of their birth—some to spend among their friends the short period afforded by leave of absence, and others, who had obtained discharges, to pass the remainder of their days in peace. Anticipated joy cheered their homeward way; but, alas! in many instances, they were doomed to bitter disappointment: numbers returned only to find the grave closed over their dearest kindred—a parent, a wife, or a child. More than one veteran had passed seatless through the battle-field, to stand a stranger in the place of his nativity. All that he had once loved had ceased to live, and the only desire which remained to him was to be with them and at rest. Others, however, were less unfortunate; and many joyous greetings took place of husbands long parted from their wives, and of fathers, for the first time, perhaps, permitted to embrace their children, or to behold a grown-up lad or blooming girl where he had left but a baby at his mother's breast.

It was about the period of these events, when, on the afternoon of a fine autumnal day, two Irishmen of the lower order were in the act of separating for their homes. Just at the moment their attention was attracted by a stranger who was approaching; his air and appearance were at that period most likely to excite observation—his dress plain, but evidently new; a small bundle, suspended from a stick, hung over one shoulder; while his bold upright carriage and manly step indicated the practised soldier: a good judge would have pronounced him about thirty years of age.

"There," said one of the persons above alluded to, "goes a fine cliver fellow, Paddy. I'll engage it's returnin' from the wars he is, now that Bony's down. The sodgers 'll be gettin' lave to see their friends, you know, and it's well for them as has such smart chaps as that to boast of."

"He's a nice clane boy indeed, Mikey," replied the other, "and looks as if he hadn't been abroad for nothing; though it's not much, I'm thinkin', a sodger can save."

"That's the truth, Paddy; but, poor or rich, he'll be a welcome sight to them he's goin' to. It's not many the likes of him the bullets spared. Many a fine fellow lies cowed and stiff beyond the washer there; but he's just goin' your road, so he'll be company for you, and tell you all the news beside."

The subject of these remarks had just left the high road where the friends were conversing, and now continued his course in the same direction which Paddy

was about to take; the suggestion of his companion was not lost on this person, the natural curiosity of whose disposition was also roused.

"Troth," he rejoined, "I believe I'll take your hint; it's a long road, you know—so, good-night."

Here the two parted; but to the latter we are now to request the reader's attention. Having overtaken the stranger, he accosted him with the usual salutation, and observed, that if he wished to hear of a resting-place for the night, he would be glad to serve him.

The stranger, though apparently little inclined for conversation, replied, that he had few relations alive, but wished to reach the house of a comrade's mother, which, as he had been informed, was in this neighbourhood, and where he had no doubt of obtaining lodgings.

"What's the name of the place?" asked the other; "maybe I could put you in a short road."

"—," returned the soldier; "and, if I was told right, it can't be very far off now."

"That's thrue enough," replied Paddy; "but it must be a long time since your friend left these parts, for nobody has lived there for many years back, since Peggy Marks was forced to leave it."

"That's his mother's name," rejoined the stranger, in a more hurried tone; "do you know any thing of her?"

"Sorra much of late," he replied; "but I was thinkin' it must be the same, for a son of hers, by a first marriage, listed ten years ago; a fine fellow he was, too; but we heard tell he was kilt in the wars."

"No such thing," said the soldier; "he's alive and well, and will soon get leave to come down and see his friends."

"Why, then, it's myself that's glad to hear that same," remarked Paddy. "I only hope him that are his flesh and blood may say much."

"Do you doubt it?" interrupted the other, earnestly.

"There's no answerin' for him that's hardened in sin," he replied; "it wasn't long after her first husband died that Peg tuck to drink: she married a pedlar fellow that used to be rovin' about the country, gettin' a livin' nobody knew how; for though he carried a pack, sorra mortal ever saw him sell any thing. Poor Bill was quite a child then, and, you may be sure, hadn't an aisy life of it; he got the worst of usage—scouldin's and beatin's. But all didn't change his forgivin' heart; and when he grew up, he laboured hard for him that never thanked him or said well he did. If it wasn't for him, I don't know what they'd have done, for you may be sure it wasn't much the pedlar worked. But such a state of things couldn't last; they druv the poor boy out in the end, on the wide world, to seek a shelter where he might. He came to me then, for a reason he had. He used to be lookin' at a little girl, you see, that was stoppin' with me at the time—a wife's sister's daughter. There was a recruitin' party in the country at the time, and, to make a long story short, he listed. It's myself that'll never forget the day he was marched away, with the red, and blue, and white ribbons in his hat, and the merry music playin' to keep up the crathurs' spirits. He needed something to cheer him, for his heart was aching, and the grief was heavy upon him. It was a sorrowful day to us all, and the tears were nearer to my own eyes than now. But where's the use in talkin'!—he went away, and we never heard more about him. As for the mother, she and her husband went to the bad intirely, and at last were turned out of the farm; they went thin and lived in a bit of a place on the moor; but misfortune wasn't long in followin' them. The pedlar was taken up for a murder, and hanged; Peg herself, as the neighbours thought, didn't get out of the business with clean hands; but be that as it may, she escaped the law, and is now livin' on the moor, with the misformed crathur she had by the pedlar."

"I hope she behaves kinder to it than she did to her first son," remarked the soldier; "but what's become of the young woman you mentioned a while ago?"

"That's my niece, Mary Casey," returned the other; "she has been the constant crathur to poor Bill ever since—not that she mightn't have been married over and over again, for she had more than one offer that a girl might be glad to close on."

The soldier grasped the speaker's hand; what he said we shall not here relate; it is sufficient to say, that before they parted all reserve was over. Paddy, indeed, laboured hard to get him home with him that night, but in vain; he determined to seek the residence of Peg Marks; and so, having obtained directions how to proceed thither, exchanged a hearty good-night with his companion, and pursued the way alone.

His path lay along a rugged road, which must have been almost impassable in wet weather, while, under the most favourable circumstances, it was tedious and difficult. After threading its winding and uneven course for about a mile, our traveller at length arrived at the spot he sought; the cabin was easily recognised, for it was the only one in the place. On arriving at the door, he knocked once or twice without obtaining any answer, though he could plainly hear voices within; their exact expression, however, was not distinguishable; one thing alone could be inferred from the tone—whatever was being said did not proceed from satisfaction. This circumstance did not deter the visitor; he repeated his knocking much louder and with more effect. "Who's there?" uttered a hoarse and dissonant

voice from within. "One that has travelled a long way, and is in want of a place to rest in for the night, and, besides, has a message for the good woman," was the reply.

"Eh! what's that! who's there?" asked another voice, hurriedly, as if excited by the words which had been spoken.

"One that would be glad of a word or two with Peggy Marks, and would ask a night's lodging, if convenient," was again the reply.

"What can you be wantin' wid me, good man? and who's them that'd be sending a message to a poor disolate crathur? and, as to lodgings, is it to a poor widdy-woman you'd be comin', that hasn't as much as would buy a morsel of bread for herself and the poor orphan here?"

"I'd take nothing without paying for it," returned the soldier.

Here there was a low murmuring between the persons inside, which lasted for a few minutes, and was at length broken by one of them saying in a louder tone—"Open the door, Jenny, aggra; let him come in, at any rate."

The command was instantly obeyed, and our traveller admitted. He stood for a moment or two gazing on the inmates of this miserable abode: the younger of the two, having closed the door carefully, resumed the seat which he had doubtless occupied previous to the interruption, at the side of the fire opposite to that at which the old woman was still sitting. The mother and son presented a picture which it was impossible to disregard, although the feelings excited by it must have been any thing but pleasing. There is, however, something in the sight of human degradation, which will often rivet our attention while it gives us pain: no doubt, it was under the influence of such a feeling that the stranger now stood mutely gazing on the two individuals before him. At the side opposite to the door, and crouched upon a low stool, close to the fire, sat the woman so often referred to; the dry furze which had been thrown upon the hearth, though at that moment sinking into embers, still continued to send forth a blaze, which shot a lurid glare around, and imparted to her countenance a most unnatural hue. That was a countenance, indeed, which required no additional circumstance to heighten its deformity—marked not only by the effects of dissipation, but distorted by the worst passions. Directly opposite the woman, as we have already observed, sat that singularly made creature—designated by our friend Paddy "a misformed thing"—with his dark grey eyes fixed with an inquiring gaze upon the person of the visitor. To convey an adequate idea of this *entré* being, is beyond the power of verbal description. His full height did not exceed four feet, of which the head formed a considerable part; this, without exceeding the limits of reality, we may say to have been equal in bulk to any two of an ordinary size. The room which they inhabited was truly fitted to be the abode of wretchedness: there was no light except what proceeded from the fire; this rendered horribly visible the living creatures near it, while it brought into shadowy outline the remoter objects of the place. These were in keeping with the poverty of the inmates. A few miserable articles of furniture, such as might barely accommodate them at meals, and a low settle-bed, comprised the whole. It should be observed that this was not the only room; for a partition, running from within about two yards of the door to the opposite wall, effected another, where the woman usually slept, the dwarf occupying the settle-bed just mentioned.

The soldier stood as if entranced, till roused by the voice of the old woman. "And what would ye be wantin' wid the widdy, honest man?"

He made an effort to reply, but so powerful was the effect of what passed before him, that he was for a time incapable of proceeding; and even when he did commence, there was a tremulous motion of the lips, and a faltering expression of the voice, that indicated an extreme degree of agitation. He succeeded, however, in explaining to her that he was the bearer of tidings from her son, who had lately returned from abroad with his regiment, and expected to see her shortly.

"Then it wasn't thrue he was kilt, after all, wasn't it?" she asked.

"No; he was wounded, and suffered very much," returned the soldier.

"Sure, betterer couldn't happen him; neither loock nor grace ever attend him that forgoes the mother that bore them," observed the hag, in a somewhat louder voice.

"That's the thruth," interrupted the dwarf, who, having surveyed the stranger for a time, seemed to watch with some earnestness what was passing.

"It gave him great trouble that he ever enlisted," remarked the soldier; "but he never forgot his friends, and always intended returning after the war was over."

"But didn't he send any thing to his ould mother, barrin' the message?"

"Why, no, as he intended to be with her himself so soon," was the answer; "but if you're in want, I'll be willing to advance you a little for his sake."

"Eh! what?—did you say you'd give money, man?" she asked, with some earnestness; and again, after a short pause, during which she seemed to be busy with her own thoughts, hurriedly continued—

"But you were wantin' lodgings for the night, weren't you?—it's a poor place, you see, and hasn't much of accommodation."

"For that matter, a soldier isn't very choice at a pinch," he returned; "and it's not hard to please one that's tired with long travelling."

"But then you'd be likin' something to eat and drink, maybe; and what can the poor widdy and her orphan here spare?" she again observed.

"Indeed, you're right enough in that," he replied; "but if it could be got convenient, here's what'll get enough for all."

"Eh!" ejaculated the hag, with evident delight, as she stretched forth her hand to receive the soldier's money; and then turned to the dwarf: "Look here, Jenny—look at the silver; it'll do your heart good;

corra morsel of food has passed the poor crathur's lips to-day. Make haste, and go down to Mikey Brown's and buy somethin'; you'll know how to lay the money out."

The object of her instructions departed. We shall not follow him in the discharge of his commission. It is sufficient to say, that, after about an hour's absence, he returned amply provided, to the satisfaction of himself and mother. Nor is it necessary to tell how the interval of his absence was passed between the latter and her guest. On the reappearance of her son, however, she rose, and began to busy herself in preparing for the approaching meal. In the performance of this duty, she exhibited the full length of her person, which was considerably above the usual female standard, and presented a striking contrast to the diminutive proportions of her elfish-looking offspring. As she stood heaping fresh fuel on the blazing hearth, she might have suggested the idea of a witch engaged in some work of nocturnal incantation, while, to complete the illusion, the dwarf, like an attendant sprite, stood near, waiting with impatience the conclusion of her task. A candle was lighted, and all being at length arranged, the three partook of the repast. This having been finished, the spirits were produced, and the soldier urged to drink. He did so, but very moderately; and soon after, either from fatigue, or an unwillingness to join the interperence which was evidently to follow, or perhaps from both causes, declared his intention of going to rest. He rose accordingly; the dwarf accompanied him into the other room, and having pointed to the bed, left him, a malicious grin heightening the deformity of the creature's countenance as he did so. The bed consisted merely of a little straw and a few miserable articles of covering. To one, however, who had been accustomed to lie in the open air, with nothing save the damp green grass of the battle-field for his pallet, this was not now a matter of any consideration. He threw himself down, dressed as he was, and tried to compose himself to rest. It was some time before he succeeded; melancholy thoughts possessed his mind. The voices of the wretched beings he had left were audible, though their expressions were not distinguishable—now louder, as if engaged in drunken altercation, and now sinking to a low and barely perceptible murmuring. More than an hour might have thus passed, when at length, worn out with fatigue, mental and bodily, he sunk into a profound sleep.

We may now return to the occupants of the adjoining room. The dwarf had drawn his stool close to that on which his mother sat; the cup was handed from one to the other; and each, in turn, plied the intoxicating draught, all the time maintaining a low conversation, which, it is almost superfluous to say, bore the most horrible import. At length the woman arose, and approached the door of the room in which the soldier lay, to listen if she heard any sounds that might indicate his being awake. All was still. Satisfied of this, she returned to the table, and taking the candle, proceeded to enter the apartment for the purpose of a closer examination. There was little occasion for fear; the object of her scrutiny lay in perfect unconsciousness of the work of treachery which was being plotted against him. There was, it is true, a heavy breathing, and now and then a convulsive sigh, that bespoke the presence of some troubled dream, and caused the hag to tremble. But no more—it passed, and he was again still. It was a moment not to be neglected: she moved stealthily away, and returning to the dwarf, beckoned him to rise.

But it is full time to make the reader acquainted with certain occurrences in another quarter. It will be remembered that Paddy, after parting with the soldier, had pursued his way home, where he arrived without any further incident. It was no small pleasure to him to hear from one of his younger children, who met him on the very threshold of the door, anxious to be the first to announce the news, that his niece Mary, who was expected on the following day from a situation which she had some time occupied, had already arrived—a pleasure which was considerably augmented by the approach of the girl herself, followed by the other members of the family, to meet him. "Throtho, and it's yourself that's welcome, my colleen," cried the warm-hearted man, as he extended his broad arms to embrace her.

The girl so welcomed was in every way worthy of the kindness she experienced. In early life deprived of her parents, she had been taken by her uncle and aunt, and reared as their own child. As she grew up to womanhood, her form developed more than ordinary attractions, while her features displayed a regularity and beauty rarely to be equalled. It was not to be supposed that she should escape attentions from the youngsters of the neighbourhood; and, accordingly, at chapel or fair, she was the constant object of their rivalry. This she disregarded, for her affections had been early engaged; her young heart had been bestowed on one who well deserved the gift. William Molan, the son of Peg Marks by her former marriage, was the object of Mary's first and only love. In his many trials, she was a fond comforter—when harassed by the treatment of his unnatural mother, this excellent girl would cheer him with the hope of better days. And at last, when, driven from his paternal roof, and stung with shame for the infamy of his nearest kindred, he enlisted, her voice whispered the last words of comfort in his ear—she spoke of future happiness, and renewed her vows of constancy. Well and faithfully did she keep her word; for though the report of his death had long since arrived, she was still single, and hoping even against hope.

Mary and her friends were now, as may be supposed, happy in each other's society, the interchange of affectionate conversation passing from one to another. Paddy was evidently charged with a secret, the possession of which seemed to give him, in his own eyes at least, considerable importance. It was plain, however, that the subject, whatever it might be, could not long remain in his exclusive keeping; for, like many other persons burdened with a similar trust, he was determined not to allow the superiority which it gave him to be overlooked, and so kept constantly hovering round the for-

bidden topic, now slightly touching on it, and again checking the volubility which was near betraying him; until at last, all caution forsaking him, the whole broke forth beyond the power of recall.

"Ay, ay," he exclaimed, "there's the whole thruth for you, my colleen—you have it all now; Willie's alive and well, and will be here in the mornin'."

Sudden joy, like sudden sorrow, may be too powerful for the human frame; the extreme of either will produce a like result. Mary heard the announcement: it was too much—her heart throbbed wildly for a moment—her eyes lighted up, and then her vision became confused—she fainted for a few moments, but rallying under the sudden effort, she falteringly inquired—"And did he say nothing of—"

"Of yourself?" interrupted the uncle; "in troth, he did, my jewel; it's your own sweet self that's nearest to his heart; and if he had known you were here, I'll be bound he wouldn't have stopped where he did; he promised to be here in the mornin', for I told him you'd be over from the castle thin."

Mary's strength now rapidly returned; and she asked eagerly, "But where did he go?"

"Why, you see," returned the other, "the fond heart is in him still; and he longed to see his ould mother, bad as she thrated him; he thought he wouldn't be known—and, in troth, it's not many'd be able to tell the poor white-faced boy, that left here ten years ago, in the fine cliver fellow that's come home, with a cheek as brown as the hot sun could make it."

"And do you think she won't know him?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"Not she," he replied.

"Nor the other?" she again urged.

"The dwarf, you mane, I suppose?" said her uncle.

"Yes—yes," she exclaimed, in a more troubled tone; "wouldn't he know him?"

"It's thrue enough he might," replied Paddy. "What a fool I was not to think of it before! I'll set off at once," he observed, turning to Mary; "and rest easy—you'll soon see him safe and well; it'd be worth goin', late as it is, if it was only to say you were here."

"Oh, yes—yes!" urged Mary; "go, but not by yourself; you must take me with you—I couldn't stay behind."

Alarm completely overcame her bodily weakness; the purpose she had formed seemed to inspire her with strength for its execution. And though earnestly besought to remain, her resolution was unshaken—she could not be dissuaded. A horse and car, therefore, having been got ready, she and her uncle set off, accompanied by his eldest son, a stout lad of about seventeen years of age.

We shall leave them to pursue their way, while we precede them to the cabin of Peg Marks. But the scene which was there enacting by its vile inmates, under the influence of intoxication and the most malignant passions, cannot endure relation. Ere the friendly party arrived, the unfortunate wayfarer was no more. The terrible deed had just been completed, when a noise was heard outside; there was a sound of voices, and then a knocking at the door. The woman started in evident terror; she looked at the dwarf, and then again at the door. "Who can they be, Jenny?" she asked—"at this time of night, too." He was silent; fear had completely overcome him, and the light fell from his hand. All was darkness: they could not long remain inactive; the knocking became louder, and the claim for admittance more urgent. "Go aisy to your bed, Jenny," she whispered, "and let me answer them. Where's the candle?" He groped along the bedside, and, having found it, both crept to the outer room. The dwarf threw himself on the settle-bed, which we have already mentioned was that on which he usually slept, while his mother, approaching the door, exclaimed, in an angry tone—

"Who are ye? and what'd ye be wantin' at such an hour as this?"

"Just a word or two with the soldier that's stoppin' here," answered a voice, which the reader will guess to be Paddy's.

"There's nobody here, honest man," she returned, "but the widdy woman and her poor orphan, that's lyin' sick there in his bed wid pure hanger."

"Oh, don't believe her, uncle!" exclaimed a female voice outside.

"That I won't," replied her good-natured uncle; and, putting his foot against the door, he drove the frail defence in with a loud crash.

The party entered. The old woman had retreated to the further part of the room—a gloomy light from the few burning embers that remained of the fire just rendering her form visible.

"And now," she exclaimed, "that you have got in, what better are you?"

"Stir up the fire and make a blaze," said Paddy to his son, without attending to her question.

The boy proceeded to obey, and in doing so, found the candle which the dwarf had brought with him from the other room. This he hastened to light. He had scarcely done so, however, when a loud shriek from Mary called the attention of himself and his father. She was unable to utter a word, but stood pointing to the old woman. The cause of her terror was evident. The hag's hands and arms were profusely stained with blood; a large spot or two also marked her face. Cold horror thrilled the very hearts of the beholders. "They've murdered him! they've murdered him!" at last cried Mary; and, with a strength inspired by the occasion, she rushed to the spot where the murderess stood—"Where is he? where is he?" she cried, in a frantic voice; "show me where you've put him—my own Willie!"

"Eh! who did you say?" asked the woman, earnestly. "Willie Molan, your own son," answered Mary, in a wilder tone; "tell me where you've put him?"

The wretched mother heard not the latter part of the sentence; the name was enough. The full extent of her crime flashed horribly on her mind: she staggered a few paces back, and fell insensible to the ground.

We will not relate the sad scene that followed, when the body of the soldier was discovered. Poor Mary! that

was the last night of earthly peace for her; she survived it, indeed, but the exertions she had made, and the shock she had received, were too much for a delicately constituted frame. She gradually sunk; and, within a year from that time, was at rest for ever. She lies buried by her lover's side, in the little churchyard of—

The old woman lay for some hours in a state of insensibility; when she recovered, the officers of justice had arrived. She raved, and horrible were the utterings of her raving; wherever her eyes turned, the vision of her murdered son seemed present. "There! there he is!" she would cry; "I see him now! Oh, spare me! spare me! Sure I didn't know it was himself." Then turning to the officers, she would ask, "Who are you? What'd you be wantin' wid the widdy woman?" And then, changing her manner, she would cry imploringly, "Oh, take me to jail! I did it—I killed him; but let Jenny go—the poor fatherless boy—won't you?" She had just repeated this request, when footsteps were heard approaching the door. She looked towards the spot; the sounds were nearer and nearer still; then two men entered, bearing between them something that resembled a human body. It was now daylight; the woman gazed intensely at their burden, and recognised the dwarf. "Let him go! let him go!" she exclaimed; "I did it! I did it!" Then rising, she approached the men with a beseeching air; but stopping suddenly, as she caught a closer view of the object which they bore, a wild and piercing cry broke from her, and she fell back again into the arms of one of the men who had been left in the cabin to guard her.

It will be necessary to explain, that, in the confusion which took place on the entrance of Paddy and his two companions, the dwarf had managed to escape. He hurried on through the fields, without any attention to the course he followed—fear, acting as a stimulus, drove him blindly forward. His lifeless body was found, by those sent in search of him, at the bottom of a deep gravel hole, into which it is supposed he fell in his flight.

The wretched mother was soon removed to the neighbouring town of—, where, having been fully committed for the murder, she was shortly after tried and executed; not, however, without having made a full confession of all the circumstances of her crime.

MR SWAIN'S POEMS.

MR CHARLES SWAIN has republished his poems (*Tilt and Bogue, London*) in that form of typographical elegance and pictorial embellishment, of which Mr Rogers's "*Italy*" was, we believe, the first exemplar. Externally, of course, the volume is a most beautiful one; in matter, it has great attractions for all who can appreciate the breathings of the spirit of a gifted and amiable man—as the subjoined specimens will in part testify. The principal poem—entitled *The Mind*—though the topic is apt to appear too abstract for most readers, contains much fine poetry, all of which is harmonised by devout feeling. We observe the imprint of this volume to be that of a Manchester firm: if this be as it appears, we must say that the provincial has here come fully up to the finest productions of the metropolitan press.

BOYHOOD.

The dreams of early youth,
How beautiful are they—how full of joy!
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shows not a taint of sin's alloy:

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought and noble deed;
When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read.

The summer morn's fresh hours—
Her thousand woodland songs—her glorious hues:
Oh! life's so full of flowers,
The difficulty then is where to choose!

The wonderful blue sky—
Its cloudy palaces—its gorgeous fancies:
The rainbow tints which lie
Like distant golden seas near purple plains:—

These never shine again,
As once they shone upon our raptured gaze;
The clouds which may remain
Paint other visions than in those sweet days!

In hours thus pure—sublime—
Dreams we would make realities: life seems
So changed in after-time,
That we would wish realities were dreams!

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

What! for a word—an idle word!
And more in jest than earnest spoken?
Were I to note each breath I heard,
My heart would soon be changed—or broken!
'Tis not when words are sweetest said,
Love's living flower blooms there to meet us;
The flower of love may still be dead,
Although its fragrance seem to greet us!

Then weigh not thou a word so slight,
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.
Oh, if my heart had sought thee less,
Mine eyes loved less to wander round thee,
That word of wounded tenderness—
That hasty word—had never found thee.
The dew that seeks the sun's fond gaze,
His golden lips in gladness beaming,
Meets death within his smiling rays—
His glided fondness is but seeming!
Then weigh not thou a word so slight,
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.